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THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1907.

## What We Did in Porto Rico.

The pathetic appeal of the Delegate from Porto Rico in behalf of his people, upon which The Herald commented yesterday, deserves a further consideration by reason of its lucid and apparently truthful account of the economic conditions brought about by American rule. In the forefront of the island's troubles stands the Dingley tariff, the application of which to Porto Rico destroyed the lucrative coffee trade with Spain and other nations having commercial relations with that colony. A year before the Dingley tariff was extended to Porto Rico a hurricane inflicted severe damage on the coffee plantations, but the tariff completed the work of ruin. Moreover, when it was proposed by the Porto Rican House of Delegates to raise a loan upon the credit of the island to supply the planters with the capital needed to rejuvenate their industry, the executive council, the majority of which is always American, vetoed the project. The result was, according to Mr. Larrinaga, that most of the small coffee farms have fallen into the hands of wealthy merchants and bankers, having been sold to supply pressing needs of the small farmers or to pay taxes. Mr. Larrinaga says that in consequence "one of the most beautiful features of the social and economic conditions of the island has almost disappeared, and the way is paved for a coffee trust to step in and monopolize the coffee."

Now this is all. In exchanging the coins of the island for the coinage of the United States, as required by the organic act, the circulating medium was greatly contracted, producing the fresh disaster known in financial circles in the island as the "second cyclone." The misery and destitution of the people were such that for the first time in the island's history they were compelled to migrate to Hawaii, Mexico, and Peru. "Men, women, and children starved in their little homes in the mountains, or, exhausted by the exertion, dropped on their way to the cities on the coast, where they went to beg for a piece of bread." Worse yet, if Mr. Larrinaga may be credited—he says the facts can be proved by official documents in the archives of the State Department—while these things were taking place in Porto Rico "the official reports from the island proclaimed the prosperity and happiness of the country."

There is something, we are glad to say, on the other side of the ledger. While the coffee industry is still prostrate, the sugar and tobacco plantations have been largely developed, and give employment to the working classes. Nevertheless, the profits accruing from these industries go out of the island and into the coffers of the sugar and tobacco trusts of this country, which are protected by our tariff from foreign competition while they enjoy free trade with our Porto Rican dependency. So far as exports and imports go, Porto Rico is doing more business than it ever did before, and the merchants are reaping the gains of it. And yet Mr. Larrinaga says nothing has been done by Congress to help the island.

Half an hour after Mr. Larrinaga had delivered his strong indictment of our maladministration of Porto Rican affairs, the distinguished group of statesmen to whom he had addressed his remarks was singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "God Bless Our Native Land." We hope the delegate from Porto Rico dutifully and cheerfully waived the flag.

So far, the standpatters seem willing to concede nothing to the free list but salvation and advice.

## A Splendid Swan Song.

In all the honorable career of Edward Ward Carmack in the Senate of the United States nothing so much became him as the leaving of it. Not that it was good to see him go—it was anything but that—but, since he must, he laid aside his staidness with a smile upon his lips, sunshine in his heart, and the scalp of the ship subsidy dangling at his warrior's belt!

Filibustering is, at best, a disagreeable task. It generally consists of tiresome droning and boring talk—anything, no matter how senseless, dry, or statistical, so long as it keeps the Senate from acting upon a measure doomed to defeat by such methods. That is the usual path followed by the filibuster, and the performance generally succeeds in emptying the seats of the Senators and filling the cloakrooms and other near-by avenues of escape.

The ship-subsidy bill was proscribed and sentenced to death in the Senate immediately upon its passage by the House. Mr. Carmack was designated executioner, and to his hands was relegated the task of delivering the coup de grace, with filibustering methods the weapon provided. The Auburn-haired Senator from Tennessee set about his task in the merriest of moods. He rejoiced in the killing of the victim, and his opponents, helpless and resentful, nevertheless could not but laugh at the very sparkling humor of the thing. Never did Senator Carmack appear finer than he did, just upon the threshold of retirement—counting the very minutes until he gave way to another—he was still the fearless and grided gladiator of old, a little more piquant and a little more radiant!

The retirement of Senator Carmack and the retirement of Senator Spooner have

attracted more attention than is usual when changes take place in the Senate. Both have brought forth the most remarkable tributes from the press and the public. It would not be far amiss to say that Spooner was the Carmack of the Republican side, and Carmack the Spooner of the Democratic side. In point of service alone would Senator Carmack fail to fit the comparison nicely. Each gave forth with the respect, confidence, good will, and best wishes of the entire nation.

Mr. Harriman says Mr. Roosevelt needs discipline. Several gentlemen have undertaken to administer it, but after the first round "the subsequent proceedings interested them no more."

## The People and Their Budgets.

Although the amounts actually appropriated by both sessions of the Fifty-ninth Congress do not total two billions, the Congress that has just expired will live in history as the "two-billion-dollar Congress." The totals are so little short of this stupendous sum that in our convenient way of designating things the sobriquet suggested undoubtedly will cling to the Fifty-ninth Congress. Chairman Taft, of the House Committee on Appropriations, cried out in warning at the beginning of the session against swelling the budget to such huge proportions as were attained, but his voice was unheeded. Probably it was impracticable for the holders of the national purse-strings to keep the grants down to limits short of the wide range of expenditures provided for. Cuts might have been made here and there in individual items, but even had that chess-playing process been applied, the totals would have been about the same, the reason of other items being made larger.

It is interesting, if not significant, to note that the country receives the budget placidly and complacently. As yet we have heard no loud complaint. It is ridiculous to base criticism upon the mere promise of performance, and that is what would be done should loud outcry greet the announcement that the session which closed yesterday has appropriated nearly a billion dollars of the prospective public revenues to meet estimated expenses for the fiscal year beginning July 1. Apparently the only assurance the people desire is that the appropriations were necessary to meet the expenses of their government honestly and economically administered. In the present condition of the public mind it is obvious that the country is proud of the distinction of being able to meet the largest budget ever framed by any nation in the world, and that it is proud of the world's all great matters that are strictly material and financial, and why should we not also lead in the matter of budgets? We have become accustomed to thinking in millions that to adjust our national comprehension to a billion imposes no strain upon our imagination or understanding. Prosperity abounds on every hand. Everybody is making money. Every man who wants to work is employed. The powers and functions of the Federal government are being enlarged and multiplied with the people's free assent. Then why not pay for what we want? This, we suspect, is the reasoning of the popular mind, and carping criticism can make no headway against such reasoning.

The real trouble will come when an effort is made to shave down expenditures, and the party to whom the people may see fit to intrust this responsibility will have a thankless and perilous task. But it is pleasant to think that we shall not have to curb expenditures.

In one respect Senator Spooner did an entirely novel and unheard of thing. He resigned upon the very day his salary was raised 50 per cent.

## The Hen as a Trust Buster.

In these days of abject attempts of statesmen, courts, and governments to bust the trusts, the American hen, modest and demure as becomes femininity, is achieving results along this line which entitle her to the distinguished consideration of every householder in the land. Her industry and her diligence have never been properly celebrated. Her domineering companion, the rooster, is the theme of song and story, and his picture is used to mark the shimmering glory of political triumph. That is what valour does in this world of ours. The hen's gentle "cluck-cluck" irritates, while the rooster's ear-splitting crow stirs hero-worshipping mankind to ecstasies of admiration. And yet the hen has done more in the past fortnight to humble the trust barons and bring joy to the American home than has been done in years of effort by Cabinets, Congresses, and courts. She has driven the price of eggs from 40 cents a dozen down to 12 and 15 cents. Until she settled down to work—and that, too, without the fanfare of trumpets—the trust magnates of Chicago had all the visible egg supply of the country stored in their cold storage warehouses from ocean to ocean, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. It mattered not that these eggs were rotten, and that the people have eggs, and they were utterly at the mercy of the trust. Housewives complained that prices were going up every day. When the 40-cent mark had been reached the humble corner groceryman broke the news gently that the price would soon go up another notch, "because eggs is a-gettin' scarce." He was aware that millions of dozens were packed away in the cold-storage plants, enough, and to spare, to bring good cheer to every breakfast table in the realm if only the trust's insatiable greed had not stood in the way.

It was at this critical juncture that the hen performed her service of inestimable value. We read in the public prints that 10,000,000 fresh eggs arrived in New York in one day. Down went the price in the market. The trust offered its frozen eggs at 25 cents, then 18 cents, and finally 14 cents. But there were no buyers. There were fresh eggs—real eggs—upon the market; and why should the housewife buy the trust's eggs? The experience of New York is common the country over. Everywhere eggs are plentiful at moderate prices, and there is again joy in the land. May it not be short-lived? The hen cannot do it all. The people must be wary. She has done her part. Now, let the people do theirs. She has busted the egg trust for them, but theirs is the duty to keep it busted. This cannot be accomplished by Executive proclamation, however profoundly convinced the people may be of the unfailing efficacy of their government at Washington. What the people ought to do, now that the hen has plainly pointed the way, is to stock their back yards. The trust offers, or their garrets with hens—good, honest, frugal, faithful, and diligent hens. A rooster or two will help some, but not much. The rooster is an arrogant, self-sufficient, and voracious wretch, that will make much noise and murder sleep at slumber's sweetest hour; but he is an evil that must be borne with if our scheme is to be successful, even though he is a drone, a non-producer.

But whatever befalls, let us hope that the severe lesson taught by the experience through which the American people have just passed will not be soon forgotten. The hen has shown us that at least one trust

can be busted without waiting for Congress to increase the powers and multiply the functions of the Federal government. To her all honor, praise, and gratitude of a distracted nation are due!

That air of profound gloom and melancholy you note about the newspaper offices is occasioned by the cessation of the daily visit from the esteemed Congressional Record.

## Two Issues in the Eighth Virginia.

That a candidate for a Congressional nomination should appeal for popular support on a platform favoring the sale of the Philippine Islands is a significant indication of the trend of public opinion. Such an appeal has been made by Judge Charles E. Nicol, one of the aspirants for the Democratic nomination in the Eighth Virginia district, where a vacancy has been caused by the death of John F. Rixey. Mr. Nicol says, in a card addressed to the voters of that district:

"I favor the sale of the Philippine Islands, if it can be done, because the Constitution of the United States provides for a colonial form of government, and the United States Supreme Court has held that the Philippine Islands are a part of the United States for some purposes; in other words, that they are a colony. The very creation of our government was protection against foreign representation, and we cannot justly impose on others that to which we would not submit."

Of almost equal significance is Judge Nicol's strong declaration for a revision of the tariff, which he believes should be levied for revenue and for protection only, and not for protection as protection. "It may be said that agitation for tariff reform would be unavailing," Judge Nicol says in his address, "but, on the other hand, it may be said with more force that the struggle for right and justice is eternal, and yet they must ultimately prevail."

Judge Nicol has taken advanced ground on two important national questions, which are bound to occupy public attention more and more as the days go by. Neither can be regarded as settled to the satisfaction of the country.

Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan has been declared for a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. Whatever else he may be, John L. is not one of those things the President advised the Harvard students not to be.

A Missouri contemporary laments that Evelyn, who made out very well with the world, she made out very well with the world.

"Down with the wasters!" shout the Londoners, and all right, it is a wasterly down with them; but what is a wasterly?

If Cain had only thought to put up a tale about a "brain storm" just after the said and unnecessarily violent demise of Abel, he might have saved considerable embarrassment to his descendants, and relieved them of many painful explanations.

The New York Daily News has come to life again. That paper ought to change its name to the Daily Thomas Cat.

"Take the weather as it comes" advises the Dayton News. And let it go at that.

Perhaps we were a little hasty in questioning the veracity of the Houston Post concerning its statement that strawberries were selling in Texas at 10 cents per box. The Post may have meant pill boxes.

"We hope it will be a long time before we again see so much Longfellow poetry in the papers," says a contemporary. As it will be quite a while before the poet's second hundredth birthday is celebrated, the hope seems more likely to be gratified.

The next time the President gets a competent man to fill Panama Canal office, he should decline to issue a transfer.

A patriotic Atlantan nominates Hon. Clark Howell for chief of police, through the columns of the Atlanta Georgian. As this would give him a chance to muss up the Gov. Hoke Smith inaugural parade, we fear the suggestion has behind it a sinister motive.

Senator Jeffries Davis says the Senate shall not bluff him. The chances are he will take several years for the Senator to catch on to the Senatorial method of bluffing.

Mr. Roosevelt is to become a member of a society for the preservation of big game. This will doubtless be good news for the big game.

In a burst of fervid eloquence a California orator recently let go the following words: "Fellow citizens, this movement is fathered by thousands of California's most noble women." Senator Stone could not beat that in three trials.

"All it takes to organize a railroad these days is a roller-top deal in a New York office and a little nerve," says the Atlanta Journal. A big nerve, you mean?

"From the deep and continued silence down Washington way, we incline to believe that the society for the suppression of useless noises has captured Foraker and Tillman," says the Indianapolis Sun. No; Congress has adjourned, that's all.

"We secretly envy what we cannot command," says the Baltimore American. Not always; there is King Peter of Serbia, for instance.

According to a French astronomer, the earth is about "to collide with the tritinated tail of a disintegrated comet." Disintegrated comets ought to keep their tails out of the way.

Perhaps those Brownsville rioters were infected with exaggerated ego germs.

Congress stretched one legislative day to something like forty-eight hours, thereby permitting it to be "to-day" in Washington, San Francisco, Hawaii, and Guam at one and the same time.

"Wanted, a legislator with a pruning knife," says the Rockdale (Tex.) Reporter. But, really, hasn't the time arrived for the Texas legislators to put up their knives and shovels?

Music by wireless telegraphy is now predicted. Are they determined to fix things so we cannot dodge the phonographs?

Can't the members of the various State legislatures understand that the people want them to give up their free passes so they cannot get killed in the railroad accidents?

"Boss" Ruef, of San Francisco, after virtuously, vehemently, and indignantly denying any guilt of graft, has skipped for parts unknown and forfeited his bond.

A Prolific Writer.  
Prospective customer (in 1906)—I understand you have a broken set of Roosevelt's messages to Congress?

Book dealer—Yes, sir, with only volumes forty-seven and sixty-two missing.

## Athletics.

Waiting for the starter's gun.

Pushing in the distance run.

Jumping like a Jack.

Strutting every nerve to win.

Hurdle, leap, and shot.

Not a molecule in it.

All the youthful.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## TIMELY ADVICE.

Now this is all I have to say—

Keep 'em on.

To early spring fall not a prey.

Keep 'em on.

Think not because mild breezes blow

That we are safe with sleet and snow.

It's quite a jump to June, you know.

Keep 'em on.

Let others foolish be, but you

Keep 'em on.

No matter what your neighbors do,

Keep 'em on.

I need not come right out, I ween,

For surely you are not that green.

I take it you know what I mean.

So keep 'em on.

## A Stepping Stone.

"Couldn't the President give you a job?"

"Well, he offered to make me chief engineer of the Panama Canal until I could get something better."

## Probably Had.

"There are said to be 15,000 hands possible at poker."

"Believe it?"

"Oh, yes. Seems to me I've read stories about fully that many."

## Well! Well!

Now should the reaper call for me,

I'd not emit a whine.

For I, gadzooks, have lived to see

A Senator resign.

## In March.

"I was saving those for a rainy day,"

said the pretty girl.

Then she considered.

"I guess a windy day will do just as well," she murmured, and forthwith put them on.

## Supersleuth.

The girl with the strap stared fixedly at the man.

The latter was evidently beside himself with rage.

But he didn't give up either seat.

## The National Game.

"The management seems to be trying to hand out a square deal."

"Silly old fellow! He's just kidding."

"That's on account of the misdeeds. They're bound to happen."

## ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

## As It Might Be.

A few small changes here and there

would save mankind a host of woes;

The length of Cleopatra's nose

Caused war and murder and despair.

The jealous lover still might grip

His hand in friendship when he hates

And still be happy had the fates

Made hair grow on the woman's lip.

The frenzied one whose hands are dyed

With human blood might have shed

Might still be sane and free from dread

If she were snub-nosed or cross-eyed.

## Enviad.

"Ma had a quarrel with my teacher, so

I won't have to go to school no more this term."

"Durn it! I wish my ma was a spit-fire, too."

## Where She Falls.

"There's only one thing I know of that

a woman can't do with a hairpin."

"What's that?"

"Button her waist down the back."

## An Active Member.

"I find," said the inquisitive constituent,

"that our Representative's name is mentioned in three different places in the Congressional Record."

"Yes, he doesn't say a word."

"Another occasion he rose in his seat to say: 'A little louder, please,' and it is recorded that he once moved to adjourn."

## Nocturn.

They said, good-night, and still he stayed;

The light shone dimly in the hall;

His lip upon a chair was laid;

He said, good-night, and still he stayed;

The shadows of two heads were made

To blend in one upon the wall;

They said, good-night, and still he stayed;

The light shone dimly in the hall.

## Just What She Wanted.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Peckum, who was

inspecting her husband's business establishment, "what is that funny thing near the entrance?"

"I notice that every employee who comes in takes hold of a little knob that is attached to a long thing which looks like a pendulum, moves it around to a certain number, pushes it, and then lets it drop back."

"That," explained the superintendent, "is a register. It shows just when each person comes in to his work."

"Fellow citizens, that's most interesting. I think that I shall have one put up in the hall at home, so that Henry may use it while I am away this summer."

## INSPIRED BY THE HERALD.

Atlanta Journal: The esteemed Washington Herald is requested to note that the "A" of grape-fruit and of almost anything else would be more than one of the same.

Cleveland Leader: The Washington Herald remarks, editorially, "Now, let's dig the canal." But wouldn't it be better to let Maj. Goethals see what he can do first?

Chattanooga Times: The Washington Herald's latest cartoon showing the United States army and navy representing Uncle Sam, starting for the canal, exclaiming, "He'll not quit," is encouraging, anyhow.

Houston Post: The Washington Herald says: "The Texas legislature has made it unlawful to drink whiskey from a bottle on a train." Not if one happens to be sick, and scientists say that no perfectly well person ever wants a drink of klicker.

Richmond Times-Dispatch: Says the Washington Herald: "A Kansas court has ruled that a donkey cannot be enjoined from braying." Thus once more Harry Lehr escapes the clutches of the law. There is yet hope, however, that the menagerie commissary may corral him.

Richmond News-Leader: The Washington Herald thinks that all objection to the proposed military and naval display at the Jamestown Exposition should be withdrawn in view of the announcement that the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston" will be on hand to keep the peace. And we quite agree with our contemporary.

Austin Statesman: Objection having been made to lady jurors because they would "be so apt to find verdicts contrary to law and evidence" gives the Washington Herald occasion to point out that there would be practically no difference between jurors—male or female. And this we would say to note that the fact that there is really too much truth in this pleasantly to find genuine satisfaction in the jury system. The fact is, the present jury system is almost as hazardous to the public safety as our present court of criminal appeals is. Not entirely so; just almost.

From Town and Country:  
Curling a Bad Habit.

Yabsley—I wish I could break my wife of the habit of presenting me with cigars and hard by any other thing it was that Denison gave first welcome to the President in Texas.

Long in Service.  
That office-holding in the United States, in order to be successful, has to be reduced to the system of a trade or profession, and is not the result of the spontaneous action of the voters, is illustrated in the case of two of the oldest veterans of Congress, who were retired to private life with the expiration of the Fifty-ninth Congress. Gen. Berry, of Arkansas, and Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, are the men in mind. Each had held some sort of public office almost from the day he attained his majority. Although Gen. Grosvenor was in Congress only eighteen years, there being a hiatus in his service between the Fifty-first and Fifty-third Congresses, he has held some position of trust at the people's will ever since the outbreak of the civil war forty-six years ago. He was twenty-eight when he entered the Union army as a major. Gen. Berry was only twenty when he joined the Confederate army as a second lieutenant. Both fought through the war to the end, and when they returned to their homes their people began to elect them to office and to serve steadily until they died. Each served in county offices before going to their State legislatures, and after that their rise in the public service was gradual until they reached the positions which they last held. Gen. Grosvenor is now seventy-four and Gen. Berry is sixty-six, and as each has devoted forty-six years to the public service almost without a break, it can be understood how hard it will be for them to go back to the muck and strife and petty competition of private life. Neither is rich enough to live without work.

Carter Holds the Record.  
So much is being said about Mr. Carmack's notable performance in leading the successful filibuster against the passage of the ship-subsidy bill in the closing hours of the Senate that an even greater achievement of the same kind by Senator Carter of Montana in the closing hours of Congress in 1891 seems to have been forgotten. Mr. Carter, like Mr. Carmack, was serving the last days of his term, having been re-elected since then, after a lapse of four years. President McKinley wanted the river and harbor bill defeated, and William Eaton Chandler, now chairman of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission by original appointment of McKinley, was selected to talk the bill to death. Mr. Chandler's Senatorial term was drawing to a close, and he prepared himself elaborately for the task set him by the President, but the day before he was to begin his long filibuster speech he was unexpectedly drawn into another long debate, which wore out his voice. Mr. Carter then agreed to do the job. The Montana statesman, without time for preparation, took the floor about 9 o'clock at night, and he continued to speak almost without a break until nearly noon the next day. When the managers of the river and harbor bill realized that he would continue to talk up to the very last minute, they withdrew their bill. Senator Carmack, whose speech was one of the wittiest and most brilliant heard in the Senate for a long time, talked only a few hours at a time, and when the Senator rose on his feet virtually fourteen hours. He declared only yesterday that he had never yet